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DEATH,

IN THE LIGHT

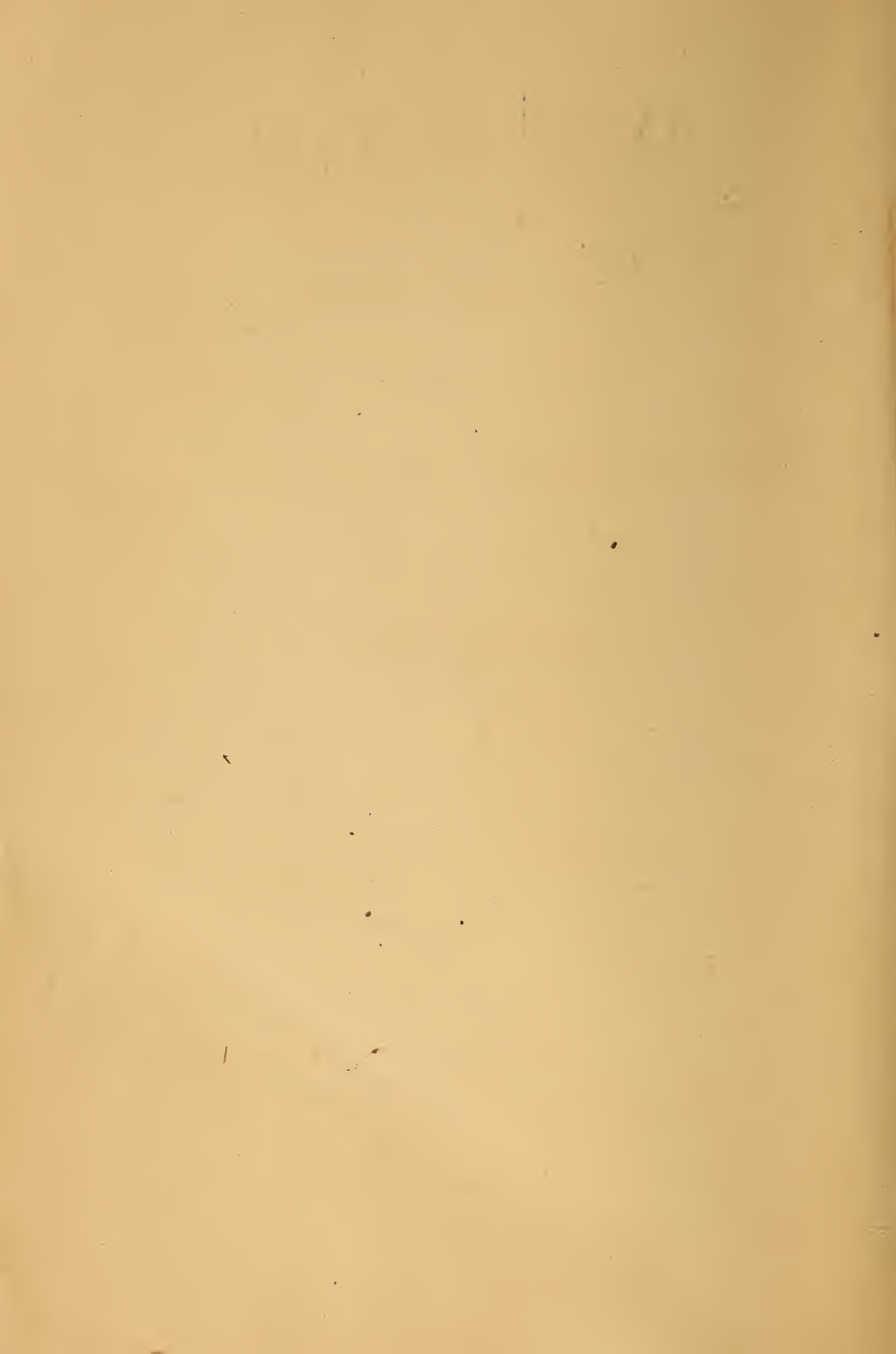
OF THE

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

By MARY F. DAVIS.

“HIGH LIES THAT BETTER COUNTRY,
THE LAND OF MORNING AND PERPETUAL SPRING.”

NEW YORK:
A. J. DAVIS & CO.,
PROGRESSIVE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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PREFACE.

THE truth about death never breaks upon us until the light of the spiritual universe shines into the deep darkness of the doubting mind. Until this higher revelation is given to the understanding, the outward fact of death strikes one with the awful force of Fate. By many it is regarded as a "mysterious act of Providence," a shadow sent like a thunderbolt from the throne of God, a punishment inflicted by a dread Power upon a sinful world, filling human habitations with sorrow and desolation. The stricken heart cries out:

"I shrink away from it, with unbelief
That thou, my sunshine and my light of life,
Art gone forever out of touch and sight,
From any recognition of my sense,
Into a black, impenetrable night."

This awfulness and desolation can be removed only by the light of truth which beams upon the world from the spiritual universe. Unless the inner life be unfolded, or the senses which we shall possess after death be opened this side of the grave, darkness and doubt fill the groping mind, and the bereaved heart is wrung with anguish. The physical senses cannot perceive spiritual realities, neither can the sense-educated mind reason clearly concerning things spiritual. There must be some degree of awakening of the inner sensibilities before the individual can rise out of the overwhelming grief and gloom attendant on the mysterious wrenching from our grasp of the beloved ones whom we hold dearer than life. For the want of this interior awakening many suffering hearts seek for a "sign," through religious excitement, or through manifold marvels. But individual growth into spirituality should be first sought. We should aim to arise into that harmonious state—that oneness with the Divine nature which would make *communion* with the departed possible, and then we shall cease to crave such purely external methods of communication as now seem to threaten a lower tone to Spiritualism. May the pure

white light out of which this sacred Revelation came, so permeate and possess our interior natures that the words of the poet who wrote of "Presence" may be our own :

"O nameless thing ! which art and art not ; spell
Whose bond can bind the powers of the air,
Compelling them thy face to hide or bear.
O voice ! which, bringing not the faintest swell
Of sound, canst in the air so crowd and dwell
That all sounds die. O sight ! which needst no share
Of sun, which sav'st blind eyes from their despair,
O touch ! which dost not touch, and yet canst tell
To waiting flesh, by thy caress complete,
The whole of love, till veins grow red with heat ;
O life of life ! to which graves are not girt
With terror, and all death can bring no hurt.
O mystery of blessing ! never lift
Thy veil ! our one inalienable gift !"

The Harmonial view of death, a hint of which is attempted in the following pages, can be obtained not from the "night side" but from the *light* side of Nature. From this spiritual summit we see

"The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shore."

Our loved ones go through the change mis-called death, leaving us desolate in the external life, but beyond we find them all again, fair as immortal flowers blooming in the Garden of God. The smile which the departing spirit leaves on the pallid lips we love is a token of the triumphant joy of which the expression would be :

“O death, where *is* thy sting?

O grave, where *is* thy victory?”

M. F. D.

NEW YORK, *May 15th*, 1876.

D E A T H

IN THE

LIGHT OF THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

NATURE is the interpreter of man. In her multiform phenomena, and the subtle laws which underlie them, we can find a sure clue to that being which we are and possess. Hence, if we would make ourselves proprietors of that knowledge which is the sum of all, namely, knowledge of the soul, we must be humble students of Nature outside of man, no less than of Nature in his essence and organization.

Kneeling thus reverently at the vestibule of her great temple, she will ere long introduce us into the holy of holies, where we shall see the pure transparent glow of a spiritual light enveloping all things, so that they stand transfigured before us, and we behold their richness and their significance.

Then the lightest breath of golden-robed summer, the faintest carol of singing-birds, the most gauzy cloud floating adown the deep of noonday, the sunset bril-

liancy of autumn eves, the vast, enveloping ocean, the grand old hills, and the ever-moving, ever-changing panorama of seasons, and suns, and stars, and human forms—these all alike strike upon the electric chain of being, and awaken us to wonder and wisdom, joy and worship.

NATURE WITHOUT AND WITHIN MAN.

This is because Nature outside of man represents what is within him. It is because the spirit is the fountain of all forms, forces, and attributes; of love, wisdom, power, virtue; of beauty, sublimity, eternal repose, and eternal activity; it is because of this that we feel ourselves related to the broad universe, spreading off into immensity around us. Hence, the mute violet and the shining stream have a language that we can understand, and the surging meadow and forest oak have each a mission to our deepest consciousness. The sea-beat answers to our heart-beat, and within the soul chime melodies that are repeated by every orb that floats in the infinite abyss of motion. How truly said the great poet :

“ I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me : and to me
High mountains are a feeling.

I can see
Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain."

Thus gently doth Nature teach her attentive children.
Through the cycles of eternal change there flows an
anthem of eternal melody; sad and gay, grand and
pathetic, by turns, but ever pealing through the universe
in rhythmical cadence and unbroken harmony.

UNIVERSAL UNITY OF THINGS.

When we go a few miles apart from the rush and
crush of a busy city, we find that all its discordant
sounds gradually melt and blend, until at last we hear
only a murmur like the soft tread of forest streams, or
the wavy chime of distant bells. Thus it is when we
ascend the mountain of contemplation and serenely
overlook the kingdoms of the world and the realm of
Nature. Time and space, accident and circumstance,
life and death, all settle into their own place on the
scale, like the major and minor notes in a grand
oratorio; and we listen, soothed and satisfied, to the
rise and fall and never-ceasing flow of the one universal
anthem.

Nature, then, is our friend. Nay, more; she is our Mother. When saddened by sorrow, or crushed by care and toil, we can go into her blessed sanctuary and lay our anguished heart upon her great heart. Pulse to pulse, life to life—thus reposing and believing—we feel the waters of peace distilling, drop by drop, upon the centre of our souls, until at last we rise into the budding freshness of new energies and higher hopes.

Tenderly does our Mother Nature lead us into the serene depth, the holy silence, where dwelleth our Father God. When we obey her, she caresses us and clothes us with beauty and happiness. When we disobey her, she repels us and sets upon our being the seal of deformity and pain. When our soul becomes weary of companionship with the body, then does she gather the frail form in her loving arms and lay it away to rest, opening the door, meanwhile, for the spirit's ingress to the higher and better mansions of our Father.

THE ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

And this is what we call DEATH. More surely than any other change comes this great change to every child of earth. What may occur in our experience the next week or the next year, with whom we may seek

or avoid companionship, what perilous or pleasant paths we may tread, what oceans we may sail or lands traverse, we know not. Human events, like the ebb and flow of the sea, take place with that alternation which marks the order of universal nature; but when our vision would rend the veil and read the *law* which might interpret the past and prophesy of the future, we find the infinite soul overlaid by the deep shadow of a finite existence.

Hence, uncertainty attends our forward steps in life, but concerning *death* there can be no doubt. As surely as we exist, so surely will the moment come when the soul will *go out* with the last gasp of the quivering frame.

There are periods in human experience when this certainty seems to follow on our track like the footsteps of fate. We dread the stealthy foe, yet cannot elude his grasp. We love life and hate decay; we rejoice in health and shrink from disorganization. Yet surely, steadily, each moment bears us nearer and still nearer the returnless wave. Then comes the fearful illustration of the power of the conqueror—the tragedy of mortal disease, holding in its iron grasp those we love best; the heart-agony of the last farewell—the cold, white form—the coffin—the *grave*.

In all this Nature *seems* unkind, life a failure, the

fleeting joys of a few brief years no compensation for the mysteries and miseries of existence.

Such is the feeling of the stricken heart, such are the contemplations of the struggling soul, as long as the rays of the spiritual sun fail to penetrate the thick folds of earthly being. Not until the very God warms into life the germs of our latent spiritual consciousness, not until we can walk serenely in the light of our Father's smile, shall we see clearly the perfectness and glory of our Mother's work, and rest in sacred faith and holy joy within her protecting arms.

THE SOUL'S SUPREMACY TO DEATH.

That is a low state of mind over which a dread of death holds predominance. In high and heroic moments we can be swayed by no such fear. When some great truth or sublime passion seizes and absorbs the soul, how insensible are we to all that can disturb or destroy the body! Then we feel related to omnipotence, and in our potentiality are so fully aware that we *cannot cease to be*, that mere personal safety is a matter of no moment and no concern.

When a fierce Roman soldier broke into the study of Archimedes, and advanced with uplifted sword to cleave him in twain, the philosopher paid no heed to

his own danger, but, intent upon a scientific truth, merely requested time to finish his theorem.

Socrates knew no sublimer hour than that in which he conversed sweetly and calmly with his friends, while drinking the deadly hemlock.

There has been many a religious martyr burned at the stake who, during the long agonies of that terrible death, has had a countenance radiant as a seraph's, with the unspeakable joy of a blameless spirit, dauntless in its godlike adherence to the principle of Right.

How encouraging to know that there are moments when any human soul can be thus grandly defiant, thus nobly self-poised and transcendent! For if *one* can become heroic, then another and all others can; and if, during a few shining moments, the spirit can be brought to triumph over sense, then the time may come when existence will be overarched and interfused with this diviner life, which will make all moments and all deeds sublime.

But now, instead of walking the earth erect, with an ever-present consciousness of a princely dower, which no change can diminish, no decay mar, no death destroy, we skulk and cringe like craven souls, and tremble lest some dire destiny overtake us.

DEGRADING TEACHINGS OF THEOLOGY.

To this unworthy tendency the theologies of the world have always lent their powerful aid. That which is called Christian has especially conduced to degrade man. It teaches that from the first we are totally depraved ; that "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, [us,] but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." To be saved from this horrible spiritual malady, we must debase ourselves still more before a terrible potentate—submit to the shameful dishonor of imputing our sins to an innocent person, or, at least, of accepting a reprieve through the torture and death of that unoffending being ; then "put our hand upon our mouth and our mouth in the dust," and writhe and creep, like degraded serfs, at the feet of a dread and revengeful demon, misnamed—*Deity*.

In many ways does this narrow theology tend to belittle, debase, and disgrace humanity. It not only fills life with low aims and ignoble deeds, but it teaches most unnatural, unwholesome, and repulsive views with regard to death. Contrary to all the beautiful lessons of Nature in the visible sphere which we inhabit, Christian theology assumes that man was first created with an imperishable physical organism ; but, in conse-

quence of disobedience to a whimsical command of his Maker, the law of his existence was at once arbitrarily subverted by his short-sighted and capricious monarch. The matchless twain of Eden ate

“The fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,”

and the austere Judge who owned the luxurious garden, and placed his ignorant children in reach of its tempting fruit, smote not only the terrified pair and all their posterity with his prolonged vengeance, but cursed the very ground for their sake.

We see that, according to this theological romance, Death is an arbitrary decree of a revengeful tyrant; and hence it becomes, to the misdirected imagination, an event of terror, hate, and indescribable foreboding. The thought of it is to many an incubus, pressing upon the faculties by night and by day, and paralyzing the best energies and most exalted hopes. Devout church-members, pastors of flourishing congregations, and zealous tract societies, awaken into morbidly-intense activity this ever-lowering fear, by presenting Death as the first, the last, the only subject worthy the attention of a human being during the days, months, and years of earthly life. To be prepared for that awful event;

to be ever watchful lest it come as a thief in the night ; to wait in solemn, mournful apprehension, for the “king of terrors ;” to keep in constant view of others, and especially the young, startling visions of

“ The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony ”

connected with the grave ; to consider all motives, all acts, small and mean compared with the absorbing, overwhelming effort of preparing for the narrow house and the destroying worm—these seem to be among the great aims of a sectarian propagandism and dogmatic theology.

It is true that the earth smiles in its fresh spring loveliness, and waters come gushing in wild abandon from merry mountain streams, and bending skies are mantled all over with a flush like that of joy, and white lambs gambol upon sunny slopes ; but man, the noblest, best of God’s creatures, must sit in sackcloth and ashes, ever reflecting on

“ That hushed, Cimmerian vale,
Where darkness, brooding o’er unfinished fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day—
Dread day !—that interdicts all future change.”

As though it were not enough to blaspheme the Divine

humanity by calling it wholly sinful; but our swift moments must be laden with this deadly weight of anxiety concerning the most golden circumstance among all those which cluster upon the rosary of our passing years! The great, earnest, strong hours of a whole lifetime, made to bend in subserviency to the few illumined moments during which the spirit changes its apparel, or the mortal puts on immortality!

THE INFALLIBLE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

We will turn from these erroneous, oppressive, and repulsive views of man and his relations to God, and contemplate life and its changes in their real beauty, grandeur, and significance. We will seek truth; not in the muddy channels of theological speculation, but in the broad and blooming fields of Nature. We will inquire of the plant, the animal, the ever-changeful yet ever-steadfast nature of man, and of the golden spheres beyond which angels inhabit, and see what answer they will bring to satisfy the deathless yearnings of the spirit.

In our researches hitherto we have been wandering from home—from the clear, deep fountain of knowledge, wisdom, and joy. Physically, we have turned ourselves out of doors by allowing ordinary impulses and appetites to hold sway over the higher faculties of

our nature. Intellectually, we cultivate a feverish restlessness which we denominate "activity;" and under its impelling force we go driving through colleges, and books, and foreign countries, forgetting that vast libraries are locked up in the labyrinth of our own souls, with volumes more elaborate, and comprehensive, and beautiful, than were ever written—unmindful that wild sierras, and soft, Italian skies, and surging Mediterraneans, and cloud-capped Alpine peaks, are but a faint reflex of a gorgeous inner world which the outer bodily temple doth but conceal and guard! Spiritually, we resort to creeds and dogmas, and feed on the mildewed husks of a religion from which the live kernel has long since emerged, all unconscious that a *Divinity* sits in the deep sanctuary of our being, waiting to transfuse celestial ambrosia through our hungered spirits, and fill our whole natures with the sweet radiance and sacred bliss of purity, harmony, and love!

HARMONIAL VIEWS OF LIFE AND DESTINY.

But we need be wanderers no longer. The new Spiritual Religion, which the Harmonial Philosophy teaches, is bringing us more and more into a grateful recognition of this interior life, with its immense facilities and enjoyments. We are beginning to ex-

perience, more and more frequently, those intense momentary exaltations during which whole seas of hitherto hidden wisdom seem struck out of the rock in which we are imbedded, and swiftly surge before our startled vision. The angel world is bending low to bless us with a baptism of strength and aspiration, that thereby we may ascend into that illuminated atmosphere which invests all things with the glow of inspiration. The world no longer seems

“A fleeting show,
For man’s illusion given,”

but a glorious sphere of actual, earnest, sublime endeavor. We no longer dawdle away existence in preparing *to die*, but we make ready *to live* the largest, truest, purest lives of which we are capable. The past is no master, the future no dread; but the eternal present is ours, and the acts of *this moment* claim our worthiest and noblest aims. We now know that our earthly life is not a mere probationary scene—a “stage” on which is to be enacted the divine tragedy of “Redemption”—a battle-field where Satan and Jehovah enlist embittered hosts in fiery contention for the souls of men; but Nature has given us birth and being here for the sake of perfecting an individual spiritual organization which shall outlive the sun.

On the very summit of life has she reared the temple of Humanity. Low down, in the mineral kingdom, did she commence the pyramidal structure. Patiently, through long cycles of ages, she, our Mother, wrought, forming, combining, dissolving, and reconstructing, placing deposit upon deposit, and strata upon strata, building up the vegetable kingdom on a mineral foundation, causing the complicated animal structure to spring from the vegetable world, linking motion to matter, life to motion, sensation to life, and intelligence to sensation, until, at length, man stood upon the apex of that vast and glorious mountain. So perfect was the chain of being that there is not an atom or element, not a force or form in all that unimaginable machinery of means, but finds itself duplicated in this wonderful human structure, which is the end and culmination of all.

We are, then, truly related to the external universe by every fibre of our being, and yet superior to it all. Hence that mysterious sympathy which we feel in solitary places, that deep, restful lull which contact with green fields and graceful trees will give us, that sublime joy of communion with mountains and stars, that dear consolation in sorrow and despair, which comes in the voice of rushing of mighty waters; and, amid all, that feeling of supremacy over time and

change which rises like an aroused spirit within us, at such moments of contemplation.

It was more than poetic fancy—it was an everlasting truth—that came welling up from the gifted soul of George Herbert, when he penned the following noble lines:

“Nothing hath gone so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of; in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world and hath
Another to attend him.”

Feeling this intimacy with our universal Mother, we can but inquire her aim in thus perfecting her organic work, in thus concentrating the riches of the outer universe in the form and essence of man's nature.

Nature is neither tardy nor equivocal in her response. She tells us that the lower kingdoms of Nature consti-

tute a factory, so to say, by means of which the human body was constructed; and that the body, in turn, becomes the cradle, or vehicle, or dwelling, by means of which the spirit is organized, perfected, individualized, and made immortal. Not that matter *creates* spirit; this could not be; but the peculiar combination of matter which exists in the human structure makes it possible by means of that structure, and *by that means only*, for spirit to become organized and indestructible. As electricity, though existing previously in a latent and intangible state, is eliminated by means of the galvanic battery, so spirit, though existing previous to and separate from the body, is, by means of the external organism, evolved, so to say, and enabled to gather to itself the form and substance which are imperishable.

It plainly appears, then, that this life is but the beginning of an unending existence, and this world, with all its beauty, is but a mere shadow of that which is to come. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man" the blessed realities which Nature hath in store for all her children.

"I feel my immortality o'ersweep

All pains, all groans, all time, all fears—and peal,

Like the eternal thunders of the deep,

Into my soul this truth—'THOU LIV'ST FOREVER.'"

WHAT IS THE REALITY OF DEATH?

What is Death? What, but a mere circumstance in an endless existence, less deplorable than banishment to a far country, less than an unworthy deed, less than the rupture of friendship's ties, less than the hour of physical distress, which you, my friend, have often experienced! Like falling asleep on a bed of sand to awake in a garden of roses, would be the natural departure of the spirit from earth. Could we truly live till childhood had ripened into youth, and youth into manhood, and manhood into old age, so that the spirit could have the full benefit of a life on earth, then would the body fall off like a worn-out and useless garment; and the soul, in the fresh-born vigor of immortal youth, would sail joyously into the atmosphere of its higher and better home.

Only thus can Death be truly a messenger of joy. Nature shrinks from violence and pain; and decease occasioned by evil practices, or the departure of childhood and youth for the far land of souls, or the severing of body and spirit by disease or accident, are events always to be shunned and lamented. Little children are happy in the Summer Land. Loving spirits shelter them under their protecting parental care, and they constantly progress in knowledge and wisdom; but it

is of great importance that the spirit should accompany the body into the vale of years, in order that it may gather to itself those experiences and memories which will doubtless be of vast advantage in that sphere of existence which succeeds the present.

Who among the loved ones that have gone before, and are now blessing the world with a gentle, welcome baptism of angelic guardianship—who among that shining band give us the greatest strength and the wisest guidance? Childhood comes with words of love, and delicate, fond caresses; and our hearts, which they left so stricken and desolate, beat once more with a sudden and overwhelming joy. But when we need more than love—when our dim eyes grope for the light of wisdom, that our feet may not stumble—do we not seek counsel of those whose length of days on earth gave them a deep realization of the perils and temptations, the sufferings and triumphs, which attend our rudimental state?

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE THROUGH SPIRIT CULTURE.

The more we seek the deep, interior life of the soul, the more do we come into communion with the disembodied, who have entered the shining gateway of eternal peace. This is true Spiritualism. In such blessed intercourse we find that Death is no longer the “King of

Terrors," but a kind and gentle friend who opens the door to the upper and better mansions of our Father. The dark portals of the grave become illuminated with celestial radiance, and the mists of the "valley and shadow" melt into the soft, roseate hues of a golden morning, on whose atmosphere float angelic forms waiting to bear us in their loving arms to the land of the blest.

But the best result of that self-culture which yields so rich a harvest of spiritual intercourse, is that it *gives us to ourselves*. The effort to attain the summit of that sacred mountain, brings into exercise the dormant energies of our spiritual natures, so that at last we are truly "born again" into this beautiful fullness of spiritual life. Then we appreciate our riches; then we realize our strength. "We shall mount up with wings as eagles; we shall run and not be weary; we shall walk and not faint." What was once dark and mysterious in the operations of Nature now becomes luminous and beautiful; and the soul rests in an unwavering faith on the eternal supremacy of Good.

Because *I am*, therefore *I cannot cease to be*. Thou, O friend! desirest immortality because thou art immortal. Thou aspirest to goodness because thou art the Good! Thou lovest the beautiful because thy soul is a fountain of beauty. All principles are eternal, and the

fact that we can comprehend them is ample proof that we have a conscious existence paralel with them. We need no outward testimony to give us a guarantee of eternal life, for when we have attained the power to glide into this inner sanctuary of the soul, we know that the genius there enshrined

“Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”

THE SOUL AND ITS ASPIRATIONS IDENTICAL.

The soul is absolute. Essentially, it knows neither time nor space; but relatively, it takes on the conditions of both. Emerson says:

“As there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so there is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases; and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God.”

These are the words of an inspired teacher, and we accept them gratefully. But since there is another side to the soul on which impinge the bodily organs and functions, and all the conditions of mortality, it is but natural to inquire what follows on the severing of those ties which hold body and soul in an earthly union.

We have seen that, by means of the body, the soul is enabled to start on its eternal pilgrimage as an individualized entity; but as the steam which is generated by the fire and water of a locomotive soon dominates both the engine and the train, so the spirit, when once evolved through the agency of the body, dominates that body and all its concomitants. Holding this absolute sway, the inmost nature, which I have called soul or spirit, clothes itself with a spiritual body which is now intermediate, but becomes outermost when the connection between soul and body is dissolved. This intermediate spiritual body permeates the physical, giving warmth to the blood, strength to the muscles, and life and sensation to the whole visible organism; while that, in turn, gleans from Nature's storehouse her choicest viands and devotes them to building up and perfecting this interior form which is to pass on with the spirit into the Second Sphere.

In that natural, peaceful life which nature intended for man, this reciprocal process goes on till the meridian of years is passed, and then the spiritual forces gradually withdraw from the external form in order to complete the internal temple, and strengthen and beautify it for an exit to the better land.

Hence, the failing step, the tottering frame and sunken eye of age, while the spiritual body within is

young, and strong, and beautiful, awaiting its peaceful journey to fairer groves than those of blest Arcadia.

THE LAST SCENE OF ALL.

And now the shrunken form is still and pale, and the mourner stands with hushed breath beside the death-bed. To the physical sense all is over; but to the spiritual vision there has just commenced a sublime apotheosis. (See "Great Harmonia," vol. i., p. 157.) Above that lifeless head plays a halo of light, and anon it spreads into a large radiant wave and rises on the sustaining air. Gradually this luminous, nebulous, wave-like emanation takes form and features very like, and yet vastly unlike, the prostrate body beneath it. At first it is as though the departed loved one had returned to helpless infancy, with its soft, pliant limbs, and innocent eyes. Then the spiritual form gathers fullness, and buoyant youth, in its grace and glory, stands transfigured before the inner vision.

Around the new-born spirit is the angel band which has been waiting to give it welcome. They bear it upward on the bosom of that magnetic river which sets toward the Summer Land. Swiftly, beyond clouds, and planets, and suns, they soar, till golden hills, and pellucid lakes, and the fragrant breath of countless

star-gemmed flowers, and the full, orchestral burst of myriad love-full voices, guide them *Home* from their far journeyings.

In the bowers and beside the crystal streams of that high and holy Home begins the new life of the late enfranchised being. Blessings and beauties before undreamed of in her wildest imaginings cluster thick around her. Avenues to knowledge, wisdom, and progression, open on every hand. Loving eyes beam upon her, gentle hands clasp her own. By all that is great and glorious she is moved to be noble, good, and great. Earth, with its pain and grief, and multiform causes of evil, is behind her. Heaven, with its harmony and joy, and multiform cures of the effects of evil, is before her. The mighty soul, which once struggled in vain to force its way through its limitations, now rises grandly up and claims its kindred and its destiny. Deep gratitude fills her being for the kindly ministration of Death, and in the garden of an eternal Eden she is forever blest.

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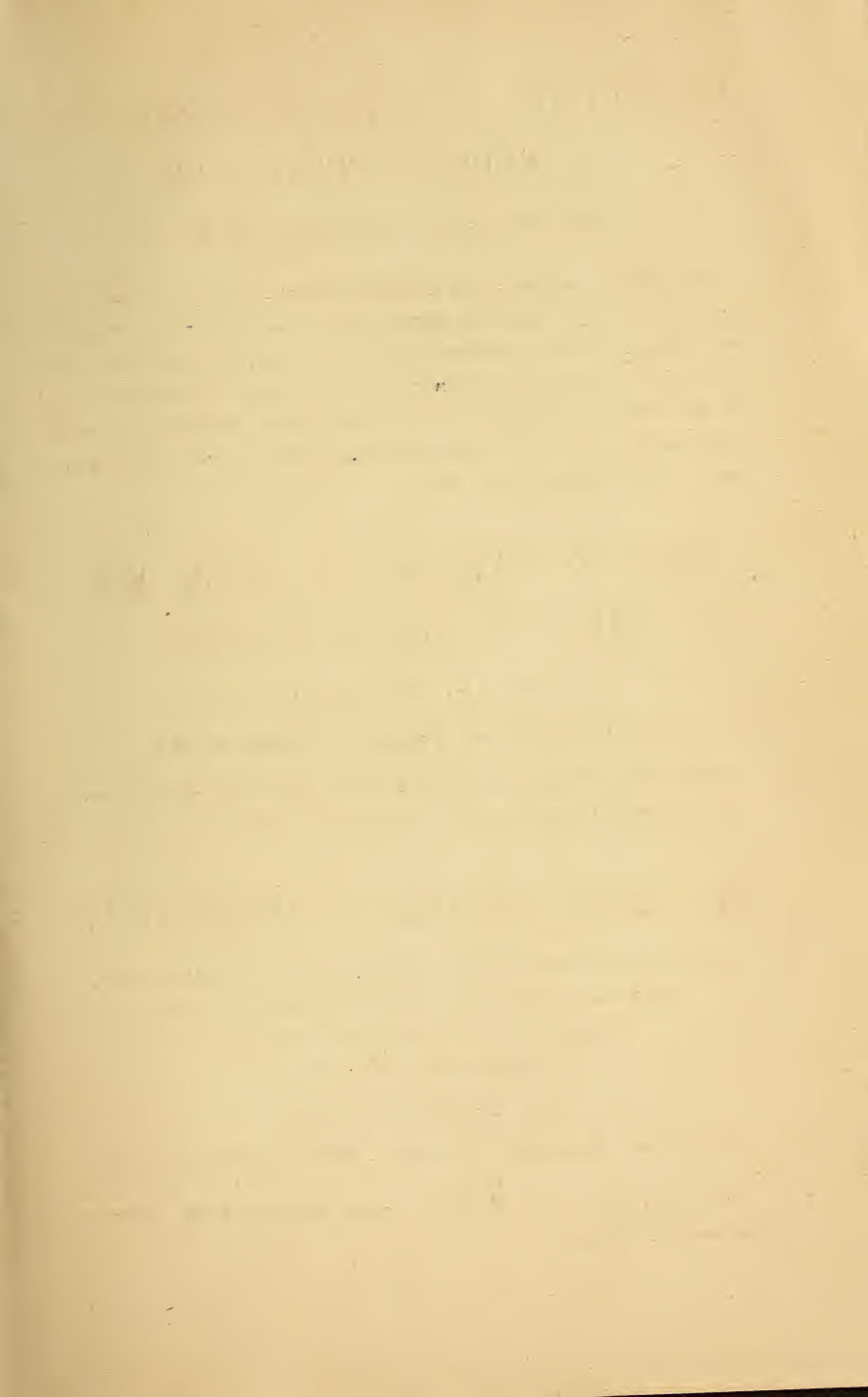
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